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SEASON 20 OVERVIEW

THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION DRAMA SERIES



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1983 was dominated by the celebrations of Doctor Who's 20th Anniversary. The BBC were just beginning to realise the worth of the series, planning a convention to end all others and the first home video releases, while American entrepreneurs got in on the act. On screen, however, the strikes were to cut the celebration short...

IN-VISION

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LONGLEAT HOUSE, WILTSHIRE

3rd & 4th APRIL 1983

BBC

THE
DOCTOR
WHO

50p

Celebration

TWENTY YEARS OF A TIME LORD

COMMEMORATIVE
PROGRAMME

The Time: April 1983.

The Place: Longleat House in Wiltshire.

The Occasion: The biggest ever gathering of Doctor Who fans for an organised event.

The Problem: The BBC's planning.

UNLIKE MOST of the plans hatched to mark 20 years of Doctor Who, the notion of Longleat did not spring from the mind of John Nathan-Turner. He was certainly a willing and able accomplice, lending his services as an intermediary with the artists and their agents to guarantee on-the-day appearances, but he was never the organiser. Overall responsibility for the greatest Who-show in the galaxy rested squarely on the shoulders of two men from BBC Enterprises: Exhibitions Head Terry Sampson and his deputy, Lorne Martin.

Sampson had been behind the first ever BBC Doctor Who exhibition, a temporary and limited scale display of costumes and props held at the Science Museum,

Kensington in 1973. From that success sprang the notion of a larger, permanent exhibition. The first one planned was intended as an adjunct to an exhibition which had been running in the converted stable-yard buildings of Longleat House since 1972. Primarily designed as a showcase of wares from such productions as Elizabeth R, The Six Wives of Henry VIII and The Pallisers, the Longleat venue had been selected because a stately home seemed a perfect setting for a display of period costumes.

On reviewing the stocks held at BBC warehouses in Acton, it quickly became apparent there was insufficient space at Longleat to hold the collected artefacts of more

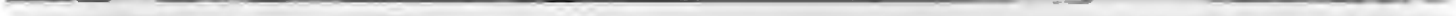
It didn't work. Despite stifling heat and a suffocating absence of fresh air, thousands of Whovians waited

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Season 20 episodes, and on St. David's day Peter Davison and Patrick Troughton appeared on the BBC *Breakfast Time* show to provide additional information. Both *Radio Times* and *Doctor Who Monthly* printed booking details, and with tickets priced at just £4 for adults, £2 for children. Heather Summerfield, the Promotions and Publicity officer for BBC Enterprises, was able to announce with confidence that by March 30th over 10,000 tickets had been sold, with thousands more expected at the gates. What they didn't realise was just how many more would turn up at the gates...

A six acre site between the house and Longleat's half-mile pond was taken over by the BBC from Friday evening onwards, April 1st. Nine huge marquees were erected to house the various displays and events, biggest of these being one in the stable courtyard which would house the forum interviews. Nine events, including opening and closing ceremonies, were blocked for this 200 seat venue. Each event was timed to run for about an hour with gaps in between so that site security — a contingent of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers wearing UNIT badges — could clear the tent and shepherd in the next audience. In total, just 1,800 of the anticipated 13,000 would be able to see and hear the guests' reminiscences.

As part of a bid to raise money for the BBC supported



charity. Children in Need, an area was set aside in the merchandise tent for an auction of *Doctor Who* props and costumes. Over 300 items, including some from *Blake's Seven*, were earmarked for sale. Top items, from a list which mainly comprised memorabilia from the Baker era, were a complete Cyberman costume from *The Tomb of the Cybermen* and one of Tom Baker's outfits, which Nicholas Courtney recalls selling to Norman Rubenstein (organiser of the Chicago Spirit of Light Convention) for over £5,000. One of the two Cyber-controller heads, also from *The Tomb of the Cybermen*, went to an Australian fan, again for a four-figure sum.

Sunday April 3rd dawned with a bright, but cold morning. Most fan club members had arrived in the area the previous day, stopping overnight in local hotels before heading out for the single-track road to Longleat next morning. One early casualty of the celebrations was *Blake's Seven* star Gareth Thomas. Having planned a quiet Easter weekend break with his wife, Thomas was quite stunned to find his chosen hideaway, the Mendip Lodge Hotel, playing host to more than a hundred eager enthusiasts from the Appreciation Society and the Fan Club of America.

Car park sites were more than half filled by the time Longleat swung open its gates to admit a substantial queue of ticket holders at ten o'clock. By this time local

DOCTOR WHO HAS WAITING ROOM ONLY

By GILL SWAIN

DOCTOR WHO faced his biggest space problem at Longleat yesterday.

Fans of the BBC's superhero packed tents at the stately home for Britain's first Doctor Who Convention.

While silver Cyberman costumes and Tardis props went under the hammer, hundreds of disappointed families had to be turned away.

And the message for today's repeat performance is: If you haven't got a ticket, there's no guarantee you will get in.

The size of the crowd took the BBC by surprise. They had expected a maximum of 50,000 over two days. Estimates yesterday alone put the crowd at 35,000.

Androids

But for the lucky ones it was a science fiction paradise. There were Cybermen, gorillas, monsters with ram's heads, androids and green slimy things. The make-up department showed off their skills in one tent, the radio-phonetic workshop theirs in another, and the special effects department let off explosions over the lake.

One parent who took his children remembered watching the first Dr Who episode. Now his young sons are as keen fans as he was.

The Convention is organised for charity to celebrate 20 years of the TV serial.





radio stations were already giving updates on congested roads in the area, with special mentions made of the event in progress at Lord Bath's residence. Shortly after eleven all the official car parks were full, leaving flustered attendants no option but to spill vehicles onto spare bits of grass-land. This ploy would later cause problems for hundreds of drivers. Weather for the past few days had been frequently wet, leaving the ground soft underfoot and easily churned into mud. Many were to find the exercise of getting out of Longleat even harder than getting in!

Just before one o'clock was the time gates had to be officially closed. The sheer volume of people who had turned up meant there was hardly a square yard of free space inside the six acre perimeter. The legend of Queue-Con was born.

Everywhere there were queues. Queues to the forum tent. Queues to the cinema tent. Queues into all the exhibits. Even those wanting nothing more than to use the toilets found lines backed up with more than an hour's wait in prospect.

Inevitably the timetables suffered. Even after barking sergeant-majors had hectoring visitors into and out of the panel marquee, nothing could start until the rostered guest had run the gauntlet of trying to squeeze through a veritable crush of well wishers, autograph hunters, photographers and general onlookers. And as the ground underfoot turned more and more into a mulched soup, even guests had to pause at tent thresholds to scrape mud from their shoes. At least no-one could

complain of feeling cold.

Outside the grounds things were just as bad. Now that the gates were shut motorists had no option but to turn around and try and wend their way back along the three mile single-track to the nearest A-road. It was an almost impossible feat given the sheer volume of unawares traffic still trying to get to the

For the fortunate and patient few, however, Longleat had its rewards. Patrick Troughton made his first ever appearance at a **Doctor Who** event on day one and, despite endless rumours to the contrary, Tom Baker took to the stage on day two and answered a question about his departure from the series with an uncompromising reply. "I was pushed" he said, pausing a beat before adding, with a twinkle in his eye, "...By the Master!"

Some surprises too. Fraser Hines, although due, never made it to Wiltshire after his car broke down en route. In contrast, an unpublicised guest was John Levene who made it in time to attend the forum on the Pertwee years.

The timetable of events promised all attractions would close at 6:00 pm sharp, but with so many packed into so small a space, it was not until well after seven that any semblance of peace and quiet returned to an area of

land that now bore striking similarities to the Somme battlefield.

Two quite separate **Doctor Who** parties took place that evening. For many of the guests at the celebration the place to be was the Bath Arms Hotel. It was there that, at various points during the evening, many of the celebrities found themselves being "summoned" (sic) to the suite occupied by Norman Rubenstein, and presented with the deal he was offering for an appearance at the Spirit of Light convention. It was a deal none of them turned down.

A few miles away, at the Mendip Lodge Hotel, many of the fans gathered for a night of post mortems and story swappings about the day just gone. They were joined



stately home. One driver so trapped was writer Terrance Dicks, who had set out that morning from London intending to take his family to the show. Wedged solid until the Wiltshire Constabulary were able to come up with escape routes, Dicks recalls having no option but to turn off his engine and sit patiently for more than two hours in the car, facing a barrage of complaints from his disappointed children.

after a while by members of the Radiophonic Workshop and, later, by John Nathan-Turner and Gary Downie.

Writing in his memoirs for *Doctor Who Magazine* years later, the former Producer recalled a moment when he was verbally assaulted by a member of the "fan glitterati", and yet the argument began as nothing more than a non-personalised articulation of the grievances felt by so many of those who had spent nearly eight hours queuing in endless lines. The fact these comments were hailing from a former convention organiser with an unblemished track record perhaps did not help matters...

Monday April 4th was an improvement on the day before. It was warm, sunny and consequently a little drier underfoot. From early morning onwards BBC radio stations had broadcast announcements warning anyone not holding advance tickets not to undertake the trip to Longleat. Newspapers too re-inforced the message. The Daily Mail reported BBC estimates that 35,000 had turned up on Sunday, taking staff and officials totally by surprise. "And the message for today's repeat performance is" it went on. "If you haven't got a ticket, there's no guarantee you'll get in".

For those that did get in, Monday was a more managed affair. Panel interviews ran closer to time, extra mobile toilet facilities were provided, queues for exhibits were two abreast rather than single-line, and overall there was a greater sense of space. Everyone who came was able to find a vantage point from which to watch the Visual Effects pyrotechnic display across the water from Half-mile Pond which concluded the day's proceedings.

The merchandise tent did brisk business throughout the two days. Major stallholders included W.H.Allen, BBC Records and Tapes and Marvel Comics. Purchasers at the BBC counter were handed a form inviting votes for which *Doctor Who* story should be released first on VHS and Betamax home video format. The apparent winner was *The Brain of Morbius*, which duly appeared as a 60-minute edited omnibus in October 1983 for the princely sum of £25.

Thanks to many visitors leaving early to face long Bank Holiday traffic journeys home, the gates at Longleat were able to shut much closer to time on Monday evening. The biggest *Who* show of all was over, but not the post-mortems. Over the course of the next few weeks postbags to the BBC brimmed over with letters of complaint.

So too did the letters columns of many national newspapers. "What a Hopeless *Who* Do" screamed one headline, which summed the event up as "...an organisational disgrace". Mrs J.M.Foster from Dunstable wrote, "Any reasonably intelligent person could see the ground space allocated was wholly inadequate and for the BBC to say they were taken by surprise at the size of the crowd



was incredible. The day cost us £15 in petrol, £1 parking to the Marquis of Bath, £12 tickets. The time, effort and disappointment was even greater".

For all its failings though, Longleat was indisputable proof of the affection the general public felt for *Doctor Who* at this time. Figures vary as to the final number who passed through or tried to enter the Longleat grounds, but an average puts the total close to 54,000 — a record in anyone's books. One tangible beneficiary of the many thousands of pounds taken in gate receipts and auction sales was the Children in Need charity. Enough money was raised to purchase a minibus for the Sunshine Coaches appeal, which aims to provide transport for handicapped children. The white, logo-emblazoned vehicle was officially handed over during a *Blue Peter* episode by Peter Davison and Richard Hurndall.

Financially Longleat was an amazing success, but the liabilities it exposed as regards BBC Enterprises' ability to plan and stage large scale public events ensured such a project would never again be undertaken as a solo venture.

But then again, it had been an extraordinary year. 1983 marked the apogee of the show's popularity world-wide and confirmed its status as a national institution. Never before or after were the public so aware of everything that is *Doctor Who*. Maybe the only real disgrace was the early discounting of Wembley Stadium as a possible venue.



IT'S ALMOST impossible to imagine in the cabled 1990s... A world where the idea of watching cult or classic TV reruns seemed as fantastic as discovering the lost classics of the BBC in a Hong Kong car boot sale.

Yet such was the case less than fifteen years ago. To put matters into perspective, it is worth recalling the situation as it stood back in January 1983. There were no satellite or cable channels. The earliest cable operator to show 'archive reruns', Superchannel, began with its broadcasts to house owners in Milton Keynes more than two years later. Sky and BSB were two more years beyond that, and digital television was only a gleam in the eyes of Japanese, American and European inventors.

Sell-through video titles were similarly unknown. Rental was king, and the rewards lay in the movies. TV was still a poor cousin, begging at the window for admission to the club. The concept had been born, however, and a few pluckings from the small screen vaults — a few *Monty Pythons* or the odd *Space 1999* compilation — were on the shelves for those willing to pay more than £24 a tape.

On the fan scene things were marginally better. Those with pen friends "Down Under" had access to PAL episodes from the Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker eras, while the few with contacts in Canada and the USA, as well as access to NTSC standard conversion facilities, could get colour prints of such gems as *THE DEMONS* or *THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH*, which even ABC TV in



Australia could not show.

There was pirate material in circulation too, particularly among the Appreciation Society's British Local Groups, although the quality was often variable and frequently unwatchable. How many fans are now willing to admit the long evenings they spent watching blobs of white light strobing across screens of juddering black while overcome with joy at the thought of watching an episode of *THE MOONBASE*? Not many, perhaps, but a careful survey might show that fans in their thirties are more likely to wear glasses than their peers...

October 1983's retrospective of *Doctor Who* at the NFT was the brainchild of London University academic Manuel Alvarado. A teacher in Media Studies, Alvarado had teamed up with an Australian lecturer John Tulloch back in 1980, with a view to writing the first Media Studies course-book to use *Doctor Who* as an illustration. Researched and written during 1982, their finished product was *Doctor Who: The Unfolding Text*, officially scheduled for an autumn 1983 release by the MacMillan publishing group.

The problem was the book's nature as a text book. Under the terms of their contract, authors Tulloch and Alvarado would receive little more than £45 each on the book's first print run — barely an expenses claim compared with the advance negotiated for Peter Haining's



SOUTH BANK SHOWS

Jeremy Bentham takes a personal look at events behind-the-scenes at the first major public rescreening of old Doctor Who episode, the National Film Theatre weekend in October 1983



1983 coffee table hardback for W.H.Allen, *Doctor Who: A Celebration*.

Nevertheless both writers were aware their more modest title could still strike it big, especially in the States, if marketed right. MacMillan, however, showed little interest, even though they would later exploit avenues of advertising through *Doctor Who Magazine* and in the journals of the Appreciation Society.

One of Alvarado's friends was a director of programming at the National Film Theatre. Richard Patterson had been involved for more than a year in a campaign to include more TV originated material as part of the British Film Institute's remit to screen classic "moving image" productions at its South Bank venue on the River Thames. Recent changes in their operating charter, plus favourable negotiations with Equity and the Musician's Union, had enabled a limited number of hours to be given over to re-screening "classic TV".

By late May 1983, the official launch of *Doctor Who — The Unfolding Text* was less than four months away and Alvarado was keen to pull together a major publicity event. He approached Richard Patterson with the idea of a *Doctor Who* event at the NFT to coincide with a promotion for his book at the theatre's shop. The notion was put before the BFI's event steering committee in June where sufficient interest was registered. The BFI had already made one contribution to *Doctor Who* history. 16mm negatives of two complete

Patrick Troughton serials, *THE DOMINATORS* and *THE WAR GAMES* had been unearthed to great fanfare at the National Film Archive in Berkhamstead a year or so earlier.

Provided material could be acquired cheaply, the BFI were prepared to sanction a two day, weekend event in October; turning over both NFT screens exclusively to screening of old *Doctor Who* serials. Vital to the venture's success was the enthusiasm and support of John Nathan-Turner. With nearly twenty four hours worth of slots to fill across two cinema screens, only the BBC could supply sufficient footage of high enough quality.

Actually that wasn't quite true. One other individual possessed a set of episodes up to broadcast standard, Ian Levine. The renowned record producer gave his support to the venture early on, but permission to screen his video copies — which was a cheaper option than paying the BBC to run up film prints from negatives — would still need to come from Nathan-Turner on behalf of the corporation.

A meeting was set up between Richard Patterson, Manuel Alvarado and myself with John Nathan-Turner on August 4th to discuss proposals hammered together so far. Basically they consisted of showing at least one complete story from each of the Doctor's eras, plus five blocks of odd episodes grouped together under the portmanteau heading of *Selected Gems*.

The very first story, plus pilot episode, was an obvious choice for William Hartnell. Due to where it had been discovered, the BFI were keen that *THE WAR GAMES* should represent Patrick Troughton. Ian Levine's participation enabled the screening of an NTSC colour copy of *THE DAEMONS* (with part four provided in PAL). *THE BRAIN OF MORBIUS* was selected for Tom Baker as a sly snub to BBC Enterprises who were planning to release a truncated version of that same story on sell-through video in October. Having focused so heavily on the making of *KINDA* in their book, Messrs Tulloch and Alvarado thought it fitting to include the sequel, *SNAKEDANCE*, as Peter Davison's outing.

Choices for the *Selected Gems* fell to me, and in truth it really was like winning an prize to choose anything you liked from the shelves of a department store. To be fair, a lot of episodes were chosen because they reflected key moments in the show's history or particularly good examples of production technique. The Doctor's first



confrontation with the Cybermen in *THE TENTH PLANET* 2 was an example of the former. Illustrating the latter was *THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH* 1 for its particularly brutal stunt fight scene. But there were some personal favourites in there as well; Part 3 of *THE DEADLY ASSASSIN* or the first episode of *THE DALEK INVASION OF EARTH* to name

but two.

Even with all this material, there was still room for more as Patterson discovered as he blocked out schedules for the two cinemas. There were certain restrictions he had to observe. Anything submitted on video tape could only be shown in the smaller NFT2 auditorium. NFT1 was the sole preserve of film. Eventually two more programme slots opened up, which gave an opportunity to show in full the very first Dalek story, plus one more



A Weekend of Delights...

The Beginning

2pm, NFT 1 Saturday

An Unearthly Child (Pilot version)
An Unearthly Child
The Cave of Skulls
The Forest of Fear
The Firemaker

First Doctor Selected Gems

4.30pm, NFT Saturday

The Web Planet - Crater of Needles
The Aztecs - The Bride of Sacrifice
The Time Meddler - The Meddling Monk
The Ark - The Bomb

The Coming of the Daleks

6.30pm, NFT 1 Saturday

The Daleks, episodes one to seven

The Invaders

9.40pm, NFT 1 Saturday

The Dalek Invasion of Earth - World's End
The Tenth Planet 2
The Dalek Masterplan 10 - Escape Switch

A Tramp in Time

12pm, NFT1 Sunday

The Mind Robber, episodes one to five

Second Doctor Selected Gems

2.30pm, NFT1 Sunday

The Moonbase, episode four
The Abominable Snowmen, episode two
The Seeds of Death, episode three
The Space Pirates, episode two
The Invasion, episode eight

The Epic Milestone

6.30pm, NFT 1 Sunday

The War Games, episodes one to ten

The UNIT Era

2pm, NFT 2 Saturday

The Daemons, episodes one to five

Third Doctor Selected Gems

6pm, NFT2 Saturday

The Ambassadors of Death, episode one
Terror of the Autons, episode one
The Time Monster, episode six
Frontier in Space, episode six
Invasion of the Dinosaurs, episode six

The Gothic Approach

8.30pm, NFT2 Saturday

The Brain of Morbius, episodes one to four

Fourth Doctor Selected Gems

12pm, NFT2 Sunday

The Ark in Space, episode one
The Deadly Assassin, episode three
The Talons of Weng-Chiang, episode three
The Sun Makers, episode one
The Leisure Hive, episode one

The Image Builders

2.30pm, NFT2 Sunday

Snakedance, episodes one to four

Fifth Doctor Selected Gems

4.30pm, NFT2 Sunday

Kinda, episode two
Mawdryn Undead, episode two
Enlightenment, episode two
Earth's Hock (sic), episode four

Adventure in Space and Time

7pm, NFT2 Sunday

The King's Demons, episode two
Pyramids of Mars, episode four
The Sea Devils, episode six
The Web of Fear, episode one
The Crusade 3 - The Wheel of Fortune
With Anthony Ainley and Douglas Camfield



Selected Gem compilation; this one an undisguised trek through one memorable episode per Doctor, finishing with his most recently seen TV instalment, *THE KING'S DEMONS 2* (though projectionist's foibles made this a journey back in time, from England 1215 to Palestine 1191).

To give the whole event some clout with the Press, Alvarado and Patterson were keen to attract some celebrities for a live-on-stage show for Sunday afternoon fronted, if possible, by a Doctor. They wanted Tom Baker. My thought was that Jon Pertwee would prove the most available candidate. None of us dreamed who would actually appear...

Offering more than 70 episodes at the final count, the event, dubbed *Doctor Who: The Developing Art*, was a virtual sell-out, particularly for the more vintage screenings. A commemorative booklet was commissioned by the NFT which featured artwork from then CMS luminaries Phil Bevan, Gordon Lengden and Stuart Glazebrook. Doors opened just after noon on Saturday October 29th, and by one o'clock the theatre's restaurant, book shop and bar were packed.

Notionally Sunday was the date when guest celebrities were due. Visitors on Saturday, however, were pleasantly surprised to find themselves rubbing shoulders with names from behind the cameras: Terrance Dicks, Raymond Cusick and Barry Letts to name but three.

Among those turning up was celebrated TV Director, Douglas Camfield. In love with *Doctor Who* as ever Camfield confessed to some feelings of remorse and regret, having turned down the offer to direct *THE FIVE DOCTORS*. Few of those who attended that weekend will forget his stirring but self-deprecating introductions on stage to the episodes *WEB OF FEAR 1* and *THE CRUSADE 3*,

nor the sense of tragedy his premature death just three months later would provoke.

Sunday October 30th was the day that stopped *Doctor Who* fandom in its tracks. Due to the volume of scheduled

programming the NFT opened its doors at 10:30 to admit visitors in time for curtain ups at Noon. At that time on a rainy weekend morning only a few early risers were propping up the cafeteria tables — grabbing a quick fry-up or sinking steaming mugs of coffee. Shortly before eleven the swing doors out onto the river embankment were shunted unceremoniously open to admit a short, hirsute figure clutching a rather soggy umbrella. It took a few moments for the penny to drop; that the tousled hair newcomer standing patiently in line waiting for a piping hot espresso was none other than Patrick Troughton.

Still wearing the salt-and-pepper coloured beard he had grown for the BBC's adaptation of John Masefield's novel, *The Box of Delights*, this was Troughton's first appearance at a *Doctor Who* event since his debut at Longleat six months beforehand. Displaying no signs of noticing the awe and amazement his (almost) unexpected arrival had generated, Troughton sat down happily in one corner of the cafe and proceeded to sign autographs for any who asked.

The four invited guests at NFT1 that afternoon represented all eras of the programme. Anthony Ainley recalled his twin roles opposite Tom Baker, as well as the debt he acknowledged to Roger Delgado's



A First Journey into the Past...

THERE are two sides to every story. While Jeremy Bentham, ex-staff writer on *Doctor Who Magazine*, was busy selecting episodes and conducting panels, a young fan was taking that fateful step that made him a fan. In September 1983 I rushed out to buy the latest *Who* book each month and dreamed of the day when my parents would buy a video recorder. By November, I was editing a fanzine and on the way to running a local group. And the NFT weekend was the key.

When we discovered a 'cinema' was planning to show 'members' a weekend of old *Doctor Who*, it was a given that I'd join: once in, I could book tickets for my equally fanatic sister, and the fellow fan who alphabetical order had condemned to share my desk five years before.

There were disappointments. *THE DAEMONS* was booked up, but in the month between booking our tickets and attending the event our circumstances had changed anyway: DWM scribe Richard Marson had formed a local group, and old

episodes were on view every weekend was different. On for a moment before bursting that was no polite pavlovian seemed new and terrifying. *THE WEB PLANET* had dated AZTECS. We'd marked down yet it had us riveted to the

The most ironic moment I found my missing Peter only as I walked away that I was eyeing up that very ar

A decade later, the prominent fan is the publisher



interpretation of The Master. Heather Hartnell spoke of her late husband William, while commenting how much Peter Davison's character reminded her of him. John Nathan-Turner discussed his reasons for casting Colin Baker as the latest Doctor-in-waiting, and Patrick Troughton was, well... just Patrick Troughton: saying so much but giving away so little.

Not all was plain sailing throughout the weekend. A few anecdotes surfaced along the way. Firstly the tale of the projectionist in NFT1 who, having already screened the pilot episode, panicked midway through showing *AN UNEARTHLY CHILD*, believing he had put on the previous reel again by mistake. The screen faded to black midway through the instalment, returning to life some moments later with *THE CAVE OF SKULLS*.

The other is the story of the 17-year old who, during a showing of *THE WAR GAMES*, could not understand why the voice he was hearing on screen also seemed to be coming from behind him as well. Swinging round in his seat to locate the source of this irritation, the boy suddenly found himself face to face with Patrick Troughton who was sat in the next row back, talking through the plot with his wife. It was a double take Mack Sennet might have choreographed.

Doctor Who — The Developing Art was nowhere as well attended as Longleat nor as internationally publicised as the Spirit of Light convention. Nevertheless it drew together the greatest assembly of old *Doctor Who* episodes ever to be resurrected for public exhibition, and it gave Patrick Troughton a chance to refine his on stage "performance" in the run-up to his true baptism of fire in America three weeks later. It more ways than one it was a box of delights.

I-V

very couple of months. But the atmosphere to the NFT occasion was electrifying, as the audience sat in silence waiting into riotous applause at the first sight of a Dalek — and an reaction, because for those few moments the Daleks g. There was the disappointment of realising how much d, and the hunger caused by the sheer brilliance of The n the boring historical as the point to eat our sandwiches, e spot for 25 minutes, mouths open in wonder. memory is a purely personal one. On the stalls beside the Pertwee annual, and cleared my pockets to buy it. It was Dick pointed that I'd just got in before a prominent fan who annual.

at prized annual is gathering dust in the attic... while that sher who believes my explanations for missed deadlines.

ANTHONY BROWN

SPIRITS IN THE SKY

If Longleat was *The Event* and October's NFT weekend *The Gala*, then Chicago's Spirit of Light show was *The Convention*. 7,000 delegates converged on the splendour of O'Hare Airport's Hyatt Regency Hotel for the biggest *Doctor Who* convention of all time. LARRY WAUCHOP and JEREMY BENTHAM look back to the time when "The Fantasy became Reality"

PAN AMERICAN is pleased to welcome you aboard our morning flight today to New York's Kennedy Airport, and at this time we would like to extend a special welcome to all our guests from *Doctor Who*, who will be flying with us today".

It's a morbid thought, but if some terrible tragedy had befallen that Pan-Am 747 on its journey to the USA on November 22nd 1983, nearly half of *Doctor Who*'s principle cast would have perished with it.

Look around the main cabin. Towards the rear of the plane Carmel Ann Ford is looking for the jazz channel on the in-flight entertainment system. Up by a forward bulkhead fan Marter is talking animatedly to John Leeson while Elisabeth Sladen pores over a magazine in the seat behind. In the middle Mary Tamm and Louise Jameson are deep in conversation, with Fiona Cumming and Peter Moffatt engrossed in reading the aircraft safety instructions, and the Sarah Sutton/Janet Fielding duo absorbed in a catalogue of duty free goods.

Up in Business Class sits John Nathan-Turner, while even further forward in First Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee are quaffing the first of many glasses of finest French champagne. The build-up to the biggest ever

Doctor Who convention was starting as it meant to go on — in style... But its roots lay in a much smaller acorn.

Spirit of Light Enterprises Ltd had been founded a few years earlier by George and Cheryl Brio. Principally a mail order comics business, the title was a manifestation of the couple's strong religious beliefs, which they sought to promote alongside their enthusiasm for peddling items from the fantasy genre.

By the early Eighties Chicago had cemented for itself a reputation as the *Doctor Who* capitol of America. Ever since the evening of September 29th 1975 local PBS station WTTW had been a prime broadcaster of the series. Hesitantly at first with the first three seasons of Jon Pertwee's *Doctor* (including colour broadcasts of *THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH* and *THE MIND OF EVIL*), but the station had stepped up to running new Tom Baker episodes nightly by July 1980.

Not surprisingly the show's burgeoning following had given rise to a network of fan groups spread all over the northern Illinois region, with imaginative names such as The Time Lord Academy, The Eyes of Harmony, The UNIT Irregulars and The Envoys of the White Guardian.



Up until 1982 major U.S. **Doctor Who** conventions were solely the preserve of clubs based in western states such as California, home of NADWAS, and Colorado, home of the Doctor Who Fan Club of America. They were the first to bring top name guests from the series over, but venues on the west coast were proving expensive in terms of travel for fans based elsewhere.

Chicago's appeal lay in its position at the very heart of the nation. Air fares from England were cheaper than to the west, and correspondingly cheaper for delegates coming in from the north, south and east of the States. This had been discovered by Larry Charet, a local comics book store owner, when he decided to augment his annual summer Chicago Comic-Con with a **Doctor Who** theme in August 1982. Although an experienced businessman, Charet did not have sufficient staff on his own to run a major event, so he turned to the fan network for administrative help and stewarding. After a tremendously successful event in '82, Charet went for bigger and better in August 1983, bringing over Peter Davison, Janet Fielding, Ian Marter, Nicholas Courtney and the ubiquitous John Nathan-Turner for a further 5,000-plus convention, in the more spacious and better air-conditioned environment of the Ramada O'Hare Inn.

Spirit of Light was one of those bodies who pitched in their support for the '83 show, but by this point they had undergone organisational changes of their own. One of the members of Spirit of Light was Norman Rubenstein, a very successful and very wealthy Chicago-based lawyer. Originally a lieutenant in the group Rubenstein had, by July 1983, replaced George and Cheryl Brio as proprietor of the Spirit of Light name.

Travelling to England Rubenstein used the mass gathering of guests at Longleat in April to sound out as many as he could on his vision to stage the biggest ever Doctor Who convention around the show's actual 20th anniversary in November. This was an opportune date for Americans as it coincided with the start of the Thanksgiving holiday.

Recruiting his staff also from the Chicago fan community Rubenstein laid down the law in no uncertain terms. "This is not going to be T-shirt Con" he told gatherers to an initial meeting at his offices in July. "This will be run by a business as a business".

Advertising for the event was extensive and impressive. A full page colour spread on the back of **Doctor Who Monthly**, commercials on local TV stations and fliers sent out to every **Doctor Who** fan club in the States and abroad. Impressive too were the returns. By mid-October more than 5,000 had pre-registered, guaranteeing an operating budget of at least \$250,000 from gate money alone.

Rubenstein needed this too. Excluding First Class air fares and suite accommodation at the Hyatt, his fee budget to the Doctor actors was a five figure sum apiece. Rumours that Tom Baker collected upwards of \$20,000 were not unfounded.

For his part John Nathan-Turner arranged for a number of prize props and costumes, held back from Longleat, to be released by the BBC for auction at Chicago. These included Nyssa's outfit from **THE KEEPER OF TRAKEN**, one of the Master's black velvet suits, the clown costume worn by Peter Davison in **BLACK ORCHID**, and the Sherlock Holmes attire worn by Tom Baker in **THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG**.

Thursday evening and all the scheduled guests had arrived: four Doctors, twelve companions (including recently cast Nicola Bryant), two Directors, one Master, Dalek creator Terry Nation and, of course, John Nathan-Turner. The entire executive wing of the Hyatt hotel was commandeered to house the **Doctor Who** retinue, the one exception being Tom Baker, whose contract stipulated provision of a separate suite in another hotel.

Friday's Press conference was as packed as for any visit by a Hollywood star. Camera crews, photographers, reporters, all jostled for interviews and features, some even for overseas publications. Despite nominally ample dimensions it was soon apparent the suite allocated simply didn't have enough chairs for all the interviewers and interviewees. Typically it was Patrick Troughton who solved the problem. "Let's just sit down

on the floor," he suggested, and then proceeded to do just that. So gradually did everyone else without a seat, until virtually everyone, including crewmen wielding bulky cameras, was plonked cross-legged on the carpet.

The nature of this Press conference proved a cause of Norman Rubenstein's one big mistake. Aware that some of his guests would be flying back to England immediately after the convention, he scrapped the traditional end-of-con "dead dog party" for fellow organisers, stewards and helpers, and instead merged it with the pre-Con Press conference. There his team would be able to mingle with the guests, obtain their own photos, autographs and any seize any opportunities to say 'Hello'. Having achieved all this, however, nearly half the workforce just disappeared and were never seen again, leaving the biggest ever **Doctor Who** convention with a severe shortage of staff on the very eve of Day One.

For those that were left the weekend would test to the



full their stamina, patience, self-control and sheer physical endurance as they sought to manage the expectations of more than 7,000 visitors, a troupe of rather nervous guests and an increasingly agitated hotel management.

One thing they did not have to doubt was the size of the audience. By the time Saturday registration began, the lines of people were hacked up to the car park, which was packed solid in turn. The faithful had arrived.

Timetabling became something of a nightmare, with updates and amendments having to be posted on flip-chart boards all over the hotel throughout the weekend. Everyone played their part to the hilt but inevitably there were disappointments as fire-fighting organisers realised they had accidentally booked a guest for a photo session the same time as they were due in an autograph line. The nightmare was best summed up by one attendee who, in reply to a friend's question about why they were waiting to see said simply, "Dunno, but I've been here two hours so I ain't shifting!"

Panel events were a mixture of the practical and the bizarre. Each guest, or group of guests, would be directed to one of the hotel's smaller conference rooms where he, or she, would stand inside a makeshift corral made up of tables, roaming around, greeting and exchanging pleasantries with the endless phalanx of delegates winding in, around and out of the room.

Some activities had to be cancelled. The main casualty was a series of skits; mini-scripts written by the organisational team which the guests would perform, in character, on stage in the main ballroom. With several of them still being written the night before kick-off, there just weren't enough hours for the artists to rehearse their lines. Only one was eventually performed; a comedy sketch featuring Nicholas Courtney, Elisabeth Sladen and Jon Pertwee, written by organiser-cum-pianist Eric Hoffman.

Comedy was the highlight of Saturday night's eagerly awaited cabaret performances. Presented before an adults-only audience, artist cabarets were fast becoming an accepted part of American conventions. Although

Tom Baker declined to take part, the Hyatt show gave Mark Strickson a chance to render his unique performance of *Waltzing Matilda*, Jon Pertwee a platform for his routine with a Spanish guitar, and Janet Fielding and John Nathan-Turner a venue for their unique interpretation of a supposedly Hawaiian originated duet *Willulayme, Willulayme!*

There were a few breathing points too amidst the melee, some on-stage and some off, as co-organiser Larry Wauchop remembers. "The bit I really remember was suddenly seeing Tom Baker in Hospitality talking and listening to Patrick Troughton. For most of the Con Tom had kept himself apart from the rest of the guests, even during the Press Conference and during his panels which were always done solo. Then, suddenly, there he was: speaking to Pat Troughton. I asked his wife, Sheelagh, if she was surprised by this. 'No' she said, 'In England Patrick is a very well known and very respected actor'."

No-one who was there will ever forget the events of the closing ceremony. The build up was pure audience manipulation as one by one the guests were announced onto the main stage of the giant ballroom to say their farewells. All, if not most, of the 7,000 exhausted attendees were there, raising their voices and applauding thunderously as each star was individually brought on and lined up before the audience. Finally there were only the Doctors left to go. Backstage they had been lined up in order of succession. First Patrick Troughton, then Jon Pertwee, then.... "Doctor number five, Peter Davison". Hurriedly Davison finished his drink and rushed out on stage to join the other two standing by their chairs in the middle of the line-up. "Oh, did I forget somebody?" feigned the Master of Ceremonies. "Doctor number four, Tom Baker!!!"

The noise was deafening as Baker emerged from the wings, but as always he stood apart from the rest, waving to his fans from the left-hand edge of the stage, ignoring ever more voluminous yells from the audience of "Stand together. Stand together!"

"That really p-ssed me!" recalls Wauchop. "Even at the very end he wouldn't stand with the others. So I thought, 'What the hell? The worst he can do is get mad at me...' I stood on the steps. I tapped his arm, and when he turned to look at me I said, 'There's a seat for you over there', pointing across to the middle of the stage. He looked for a second, shrugged his shoulders, said, 'Okay', and then he just went over to where Pat, Jon and Peter were standing."

At this the whole ballroom erupted into a hysterical uproar so tumultuous and so sustained that for a few minutes, anxious hotel staff outside the auditorium feared there had been an accident. For the first and only time Doctors Two, Three, Four and Five were side-by-side on a platform, acknowledging the cacophonous adulation of their fans. It was a unique moment never to be repeated.

That rapturous closing ceremony also brought to an end the many celebrations staged throughout 1983 to mark twenty years of **Doctor Who**. Peter Haining's book, a Marvel Comics Winter Special, a Radio Times Souvenir publication, Longleat, a DWAS Panopticon in September, the NFT gala, Spirit of Light, and all the paraphernalia surrounding the making and screening of **THE FIVE DOCTORS**.

Yet even as cleaning crews moved in to clear away debris from the big Chicago show, the winds of change were blowing. Peter Davison had announced his retirement from the role. Janet Fielding and Mark Strickson both knew they were leaving next year. A new companion had just received her first taste of the Who universe, and waiting in the wings was the uncharted territory of Doctor number six. But in November 1983 was anybody seriously concerned? **Doctor Who** had rolled remorselessly along for twenty solid years, it could surely roll for twenty more. The series had never been more successful.

The future was bright. The future was multi-coloured....



20-20 Hindsight

The twentieth season was supposed to be a celebration of Doctor Who's past - but had the wrong lessons been learnt from bygone years, wonders ANTHONY BROWN



IT WAS A GRAND SCHEME, even if it was unintentional. To produce a season where every story saw the Doctor facing a foe from his past. Had it remained unannounced, it would still have been successful, but once the fans were keyed up to expect a year of Daleks, Sontarans, Ice Warriors and Autons, all of them reinterpreted with the style *EARTHSHOCK* brought to the Cybermen, the season had to be a disappointment. The loss of the Dalek story *Warhead* meant that the slow build-up of Omega, the Mara and three serials' worth of the Black Guardian led nowhere.

It's easy to suggest that John Nathan-Turner should have taken precautions against disaster — after all, *SHADA* was less than three years in the past, and both the previous seasons had ended with stories undermined, to a greater or lesser degree, by collapsed budgets. Scheduling the big season blockbuster for the last production slot was surely tempting fate... but the scale of the production disaster which afflicted season twenty would have been difficult to contingency plan. It was, after all, the *ENLIGHTENMENT* recording slots which actually fell victim to the strike. *Warhead* could still have gone

ahead, had it not been for the need to complete the Guardian Trilogy — and to have avoided that would have meant mortgaging the entire season to the possibility of a winter strike. Fine if you want a season of unconnected stories, but that would mean limiting Doctor Who's potential unnecessarily. Season twenty's anticlimax was one of those things which happen in life — though the precedent should have been remembered three years later, when *THE TRIAL OF A TIME LORD* entered production before the final scripts were even written.

Despite this over-arching theme, season twenty is far less cohesive than its immediate predecessors. Continuity between stories is restricted to passing — and often intrusive — throwaway lines from Nyssa and Tegan, which generally remain unexplained and serve only to make them seem stupid! "Could this be a Black Guardian trap?" Well, possibly, but it's less likely now than it's been in years, given he just made his play for power and lost... "There are traces of anit-matter"... and if they weren't Omega's remnants, then we never discover what the hell they were!).

ARC OF INFINITY doesn't exactly provide a breath-taking introduction to the season, and more importantly fails to put hook the audience in its first episode. The opening scene is an intriguing opening to a story, but the sight of an unknown Time Lord talking to an unknown villain was unlikely to snare the casual viewer expecting lavish location filming in Amsterdam. The story itself is enjoyable enough, but uninspired, and while the return of Omega provides a nicely self-referential moment for the fans (ten years, twenty years... where was he in Albert Square?), only those viewers who recalled *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* would have found the end of episode three at all exciting. Similarly, the first story in seven years to feature Gallifrey is more a fan event than one for the public.

SNAKEDANCE, ironically, is more likely to have caught the public imagination, as mainstream viewers might well have recalled the Doctor's last encounter with the Mara. The story itself is as close to serious drama — and to being recognised as serious drama — as the series ever got, earning itself trailers and newspaper previews which

treated it as a work in its own right. In context as a *Doctor Who* story it's reminiscent of *THE MIND OF EVIL*, that excellent reminder of the previous season's gritty style. *SNAKEDANCE* is the final Bidmead story, mixing drama, science and concept in a work of exceptional screen science fiction. It's as far from the action-adventure series the McGann movie attempted to launch as it's possible to imagine.

MAWDRYN UNDEAD is a more nostalgic affair, though it's a curious sense of nostalgia which rips the Brigadier from his established trappings — UNIT, moustache and heroics — to treat him as an insecure character robbed of his identity. A brave move, if one forced upon the production team by William Russell's non-availability, but one which ultimately failed to judge by the way later stories ignored the Brig's teaching career.

The shadow of the past is also prominent in *TERMINUS*, which has one of the strongest opening episodes in many years. Turn off the colour, and the events which drive Nyssa from the *TARDIS* into the terrifying environment of the liner could have come straight from the Hartnell era, in atmosphere if not in concept. Unfortunately, it's around this point that the 'curse of season twenty' starts to become apparent. It's most obvious in the case of *TERMINUS*, but almost every story of the twentieth season, including the eventual *RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS* but *excluding* *ARC OF INFINITY*, begins with a superb first episode it never manages to match. The origins of this may lie in a policy Eric Sward had revived this year, of commissioning stories on an episode by episode basis — writers would have to prove their worth by delivering episode one before receiving a commission for the remainder of the story. While the story outline would already be in existence, it would be a rare writer who didn't push the boat out for that initial script, throwing in moments and ideas which might better have been left in reserve for later episodes — but what's the point of that if the later episodes didn't get commissioned? Then the remainder of the story would be written at a later date, once the creative juices had gone stale, and the ideas had to be dragged from the filing cabinet where they'd been lurking in the meantime. From a script-editor's point of view, it was a policy which made sense, offering the chance to try out a greater than average number of writers on a notoriously problematical show... but once an idea's been left to one side, something always gets lost in the meantime.

ENLIGHTENMENT maintains the pattern, as it's a story with nowhere to go once that jaw-dropping revelation has been made at the end of episode one. Fiona Cummings' empathic direction and Keith Barron's mesmerising performance keep the eeriness ticking over, but by episode three obvious padding such as Turlough's over-acting in the vacuum chamber is creeping in, and Lynda Baron's been recruited to go over the top in the cause of viewer entertainment.

THE KING'S DEMONS remains a forgettable story, most memorable as "This year's Master story." Few people would claim it as a classic, but no-one could bear it any malice, except as the story which introduced Kamelion. Inoffensive and almost non-existent, it seems to be a tale which daren't develop its ideas in case they over-run its length, and therefore attempts nothing more than to fill a fifty minute slot.

And finally, there comes *THE FIVE DOCTORS*. A script writers' nightmare, it does rely on a manufactured situation to string a series of set-pieces together, but the excuse is a solid one, and that's more than can be said for most 1990s television. But the change in the series' style over the past few years becomes obvious when one compares Pertwee's prominence in *THE THREE DOCTORS* with the way Davison shares the limelight with his predecessors. The incumbent Doctor could never again be *the* Doctor, only the *current* Doctor.

For his companions the season proves a varied experience. *ARC OF INFINITY* and *SNAKEDANCE* provide Nyssa with her strongest roles in almost a season, and Sarah Sutton rises to the occasion, showing how the character had been wasted in the intervening year. Unfortunately, this renaissance was to be short-lived, and the season might have been better structured had Tegan's return waited a few stories, until Turlough was already established. Certainly, in the middle of the season there are simply too many companions around, just as Eric Sward always suggested. Tegan and Turlough are frankly irrel-



evant throughout *TERMINUS*, though ironically their scenes are worth their weight in gold — lacking a plot, the characters are forced to carry long stretches of airtime by themselves, supported only by some decent acting. That alone makes their inclusion worthwhile, but the treatment of Nyssa and Tegan in *MAWDRYN UNDEAD* is less forgivable. Once Tegan's served her role as the young Brigadier's companion in episode two both are irrelevant and unnecessary. With the Brigadier serving as the Doctor's companion and Turlough to introduce, neither of them has anything to do but sit in the *TARDIS* — and then, once the potentially interesting triangle of Nyssa-Tegan-Turlough is established it's immediately dissolved, depriving Tegan of the trusted friend she needed if she was to remain truly hostile to Turlough. The irony of all this is that the first four stories do nothing but juggle the companions — Tegan returns, Nyssa plays sole companion while Tegan's possessed, Turlough's introduced, Nyssa leaves — without ever getting to use more than one per story. Things could surely have been better paced.

The twentieth season is difficult to judge out of context. It's not a bad season, but it lacks the bite of its immediate predecessors, and seems an inadequate celebration of the series' anniversary as either a nostalgic reminiscence or a celebration of the series' current strengths.

I-V



Writing History

1983 was the year of the great catch-up. *THE VISITATION* was the only Davison story on the shelves as the New Year chimed, but by the end of the year the bulk of seasons nineteen and twenty had been published.

It was also the year of the photographic cover. After Peter Davison's agent objected to the likeness featured in a draft cover of *THE VISITATION* a standard publicity shot was substituted, and this remained the pattern for all the Davison novels published in 1983. *TIME-FLIGHT* boasted an image of the Doctor and Concorde, but other stories were less fortunate. *CASTROVALVA* saw Davison proiled against a cartoonish background of stars, *EARTHSHOCK* headlined an uncharacteristic shot of the Doctor wielding a gun, and the twentieth season suffered just as badly. *MAWDRYN UNDEAD* was represented by a blurred shot of the Doctor at the TARDIS console (a last minute replacement for a photo showing the Brigadier), while even ten years later *ARC OF INFINITY*'s cover remained infamous. At the 1994 Blackpool Olympiad a true or false question asked whether *ARC OF INFINITY*'s cover was laid out by a chimp. The correct answer was, of course, "Yes".

But enough of the covers. What about the contents? Season twenty's novelisations begin poorly, with a by numbers adaptation of *ARC OF INFINITY*. Never the most engaging of scripts, the story suffers massively when deprived of its Amsterdam locations, and Terrance Dicks' book has little to commend it.

SNAKEDANCE proves superior. In contrast to Dicks' appallingly disappointing novelisation of *KINDA* (published only a

MAWDRYN UNDEAD builds on the occasional stylish phrases Peter Grimwade produced during the *TIME-FLIGHT* novelisation, and proves a far more satisfying read. There's very little added to the story, but the nuances are emphasised. The contrast between the controlled, self-disciplined Brigadier of 1977 and the messy, damaged man of 1983 is made clear, making the story a tale of redemption and rebirth balanced by the knowledge that the 1977 Lethbridge-Stewart is heading inexorably for the moment that ruined his life. Underlying all this is a tangible nostalgia for the UNIT era on which Grimwade himself worked, most emphasised by the fragmentary presentation of episode two's flashback sequence.

The highlight of the season, however, is *TERMINUS*. At 159 pages it was one of the longest novelisations ever published at the time, but bears its length superbly. It's tempting to suggest that the extra length is taken up with material cut from the draft scripts when Tegan and Turlough's sub-plot was added to an existing outline, as while there are few extra scenes the extra depth given to the characters, and particularly to Kari and Olvir, is astonishing. The underlying logic behind Terminus' operation, the paranoia surrounding Lazar's disease and the fading in and out of the TARDIS door is made clear. Far more than on TV, *TERMINUS* is Nyssa's story, with the opening scenes demonstrating her desire to keep her links to Traken (and, by implication, the extent to which she doesn't want to settle down in the TARDIS), while her decision to stay provokes an emotional moment which reveals more about the Doctor than a dozen other books.

"I'm not coming with you," Nyssa said. And, deep inside, he'd known it. He'd known it from the moment he'd seen her again, eyes blazing with righteous fury at the poor excuse for a caring process that she'd been put through. Lives were changed by such experiences, and there was no going back. With some pressure he might be able to dissuade her, but he doubted it. And it would be something they'd both regret, for ever.

"For Tegan, the enormity of the moment obscured all long-term considerations. 'She'll die here,' she said, almost wailing.

"Not easily. Tegan. We're both alike. Indestructible."

"And then they hung onto each other tightly for a few moments. The Doctor watched. It had happened before and it

would happen again, and it seemed that the loss of every member of his ever-changing team took a little piece of him away with them. They were spread through time and through space, all of them reshaped and given new insights through their travels.

"Their loss wasn't too bad a price to pay... not when they gave him a kind of immortality."

After this, anything would be a disappointment, but *ENLIGHTENMENT* isn't much

of a let-down. Barbara Clegg's novelisation doesn't break new ground, but there's an interestingly different slant to it. Perhaps unintentionally, she sees much of the story from Tegan's perspective, producing one of the most personalised novelisations for several years. The great battle between the Black and White Guardians is viewed through the eyes of one of the ordinary mortals with whom they play their games, and the engagement is put into perspective as a result.

Though not released until 1986, *THE KING'S DEMONS* comes second only to *TERMINUS* among the season's novelisations. As with *BLACK ORCHID*, Terence Dudley revels in the freedom to expand his story offered by a two-parter with a four-part book to fill.

And finally, there comes *THE FIVE DOCTORS*, the first (and, aside from the 1996 TV movie, the only) *Doctor Who* story to reach the bookshops before it was screened. The novelisation is a perfunctory affair, lacking even the budget-cursed scenes involving the Autons which were dropped from the production, but as always Terrance Dicks puts a little extra into a story which he helped produce. In addition, the book includes a thorough-away reference which adds a significant detail to the series' mythology — Susan's children, the Doctor's grand-children.

However, the season's novelisations weren't the whole story. For once, Autumn 1983 saw the publication of the first *Doctor Who* coffee table book. Peter Haining's *A Celebration* provided the first comprehensive but accessible overview of the series aside from *The Making of Doctor Who*, and established a tradition which WH Allen maintained, with steadily diminishing results, for the next five years. Haining already had a reputation as a professional expert and anthologist on almost any subject you might care to mention — for the first book in this series,

Books of the Year:

January 83	TIME-FLIGHT
February 83	MEGLOS
March 83	CASTROVALVA
April 83	FOUR TO DOOMSDAY
May 83	EARTHSHOCK
June 83	TERMINUS
July 83	ARC OF INFINITY
October 83	MAWDRYN UNDEAD
November 83	THE FIVE DOCTORS
December 83	KINDA

Books of the Season:

ARC OF INFINITY	July 83 h/b, October 83 p/b
SNAKEDANCE	January 84 h/b, April 84 p/b
MAWDRYN UNDEAD	
	October 83 h/b, January 84 p/b
TERMINUS	June 83 h/b, September 83 p/b
ENLIGHTENMENT	
	February 84 h/b, May 86 p/b
THE KING'S DEMONS	
	February 86 h/b, May 86 p/b
THE FIVE DOCTORS	November 83

his skills were exactly what the Doctor ordered.

The other non-fiction addition to the *Doctor Who* books shelves came in the form of *The Unfolding Text*, Messrs Tulloch and Alvarado's light-hearted little analysis of *Doctor Who*'s deeper meanings. Despite the criticisms of the average fan, it's actually quite accessible as media studies textbooks go, with relatively little of its word-count given over to academic jargon. The analysis is pretentious on occasion, particularly when based on foundations as weak as the comments of jobbing actresses attempting to plot a straight line through the scripts of half-a-dozen different writers, but insightful just as often, and the central thesis that *Doctor Who* through its long existence has become a barometer of television trends underpins *IN-VISION* itself.

The coffee table book, the academic

DOCTOR WHO

THE KING'S DEMONS



TERENCE DUDLEY

month before) *SNAKEDANCE* captures something of the story's feel. It's a straightforward novelisation, but it remains interesting all the same, thanks in part to the inclusion of a number of sequences omitted from the televised story, including a blatantly incestuous sequence where Tahna discusses her feelings for her son.



BARBARA CLEGG

treatise... *Doctor Who* books were changing in 1983. Even greater changes would come the following year, as a new editor took charge of WH Allen's range. Under Nigel Robinson's guidance, adventures from the first and second Doctors era were about to reappear for the first time in three years, reinforcing the author-led approach John Nathan-Turner had urged the year before. The Target book range was about to enter a golden age.

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